

# Eight Fingers Down, A Feeling, A Word, A Curse

A wilting rose has a short life  
Escaping one vindication to be chained to the wall  
Broken hearts take time to heal  
The four letter genocide, the cursed chronic illusion  
(I'll do whatever) I can't complete  
(I'll do whatever you want) I can't complete  
(I'll do whatever) I can't complete a thought on my own  
Who decides the paths we take  
Crashing down on your dreams, now who is the victim?  
It's not like your one mistake  
Sweating only one word, that word that's drying your heart  
(I'll do whatever) I can't complete  
(I'll do whatever you want) I can't complete  
(I'll do whatever) I can't complete a thought on my own [x2]  
I can't complete a thought on my own  
(I'll do whatever) I can't complete  
(I'll do whatever you want) I can't complete  
(I'll do whatever) I can't complete a thought on my own [x2]  
On my own